

THE  
HAUGHS of CRUMDEL.

To which are added,

*The Bush aboon Traquire.*

*A New Sea Song.*



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## THE HAUGHS OF CRUMDEL.

**A**S I came in by Auchendown,  
a little we bit frae the town,  
Unto the highlands I was bound,  
to view the haughs of Crumdel.

CHORUS.



Sing tanteradel, tanderadel, tanteradel,  
Unto the highlands I was bound,  
To view the haughs of Crumdel.

I met a man in tartan trews  
I spier'd at him what was the news?  
Says he, the highland army rues,  
That e'er they came to Crumdel.

Lord Livingstone rode from Inverness,  
Our highland lads for to distress,  
And has brought us a' into disgrace,  
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.

The English Gen'ral he did say,  
We'll give the Highland Lads fair play,

We'll sound our trumpets and give huzza,  
And awaken them at Cruandel.

Says Livingston. I hold it best,  
To catch them lurking in their nest,  
The Highland Lads we will distress,  
And hough them down at Cruandel.

So they were in bed, fir. every one,  
When the English on them came,  
And a bloody battle soon began,  
Upon the Haughs of Cruandel.

The English horse they were so rude,  
'They bath'd their hooves in highland blood  
Our noble clans most firmly stood,  
Upon the Haughs of Cruandel.

But our noble clans they could not stay,  
Out o'er the hills they ran away,  
And sore they do lament the day  
That e'er they came to Cruandel.

Says great Montrose I will not stay,  
Wilt thou direct the nearest way?  
Over the hills I'll go this day,  
And see the Haughs of Cruandel.

Alas! my Lord, you are not strong,  
 You've scarcely got two thousand men,  
 There's twenty thousand on the plain,  
 Lies rask and file at Crumdel.

Says great Montrose I will not flay,  
 So direct me to the nearest way,  
 For o'er the hills I'll go this day,  
 And see the Haughs of Crumdel.

They were at dinner every man,  
 When great Montrose upon them came  
 And a second battle soon began  
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.

The Grants, M'Kenzies, and M Kay,  
 As soon's Montrose they did espy,  
 They stood and fought most manfully,  
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,  
 The Cam'rons did their standard join,  
 M'Intoshes play'd a bonny game  
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.

The M'Phersons fought like lions bold,  
 M'Gregors none could them controul,



M'Laughlans fought like valiant souls,  
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.

M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Niel,  
So boldly as they took the field,  
And made their enemies to yield,  
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.

The Gordons boldly did advance,  
The Frazers fought with sword and lance,  
The Grahams made their heads to dance,  
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.

The Royal Stewarts and Monroes,  
So boldly as they fac'd their foes,  
And brought them down by hardy blows,  
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.

Out of twenty thousand Englishmen,  
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,  
The rest of them they all lay slain  
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.

The BUSH ABOON TRAQUIRE.

HEAR me ye nymphs and every swain,  
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,

Though thus I languish, thus complain,  
 alas she ne'er believes me.

My vows and sighs like silent air,  
 unheeded, never move her,  
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,  
 'twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd and made me glad,  
 no maid seem'd ever kinder,  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 so sweetly there to find her :

I try'd to lcothe my am'rous flame,  
 in words that I thought tender,  
 If more then pass'd I'm not to blame ;  
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,  
 the fields we then frequented,  
 Where'er she meets she shews disdain,  
 she looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
 its sweets I'll ay remember,  
 But now her frowns makes it decay,  
 it fades as in December.

in, rural powers who hear my strains,  
 why thus should Peggy grieve me!  
 make her partner in my pains,  
 then let her smiles relieve me:

ad, not, my love will turn despair,  
 my passion no more tender;  
 leave the Bush aboon Traquair,  
 to lonely woods I'll wander.



### A NEW SEA SONG.

hearts of oak who wish to try  
 our fortunes on the sea,  
 Briton's enemies defy,  
 come enter here with me:

n, 's fifty pounds bounty, two month's  
 pay,  
 and leave to go on shore,  
 pretty girls to kiss and play.  
 n British Tars ask more.

ay, ship is stout and sails like wind,  
 y, chase a hostile foe,

To fight like britons we're inclin'd  
we'll let the Monfieurs know ;

Our Captain's gen'rous, brave, and good,  
of grog we'll have great store,  
Of prizes rich we'll sweep the flood,  
can British Tars with more ?

And when from driving Bourbon's fleet,  
victorious we arrive,  
With music, dance, and jovial treat,  
to please our girls we'll strive ;

Both Spanish silver and French gold  
we'll count in plenty o'er  
Which we have won, my shipmates bold,  
can British Tars with more ?

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